

WHAT THE GREEN BOX CONTAINED

The Explanation That Came Out With Its Contents.

By INA WRIGHT HANSON.

This is the letter that I wrote:

Dear Mrs. Hynes—After you had left my brother's office I went to the corner table, over which hangs a mirror, to get my hat. Near the hat I found a nickel, which was not there when I laid my hat down. Therefore I conclude it is your property and am inclosing its equivalent in stamps. Yours most faithfully,

WILLIAM BEATTY.

This is the letter that she wrote:

Dear Mr. Beatty—The nickel, as you surmised, belonged to me, and I thank you for your thoughtfulness. But as its loss was the result of my own carelessness I feel that no more than 3 cents is my due, and I return herewith one stamp. Again thanking you, I am yours sincerely,

L. M. HYNES.

I had several times from my studio observed Mrs. Hynes enter my brother's law office. The rather sad brown eyes, shining rolls of dark hair and unusual grace of carriage attracted me. So, on the morning of the letter, I happened to be in the office when she came. I was presented and allowed to remain.

Back in my studio again, I was in possession of these facts concerning her: Left penniless by an invalid husband, Mrs. Hynes was about to seek some employment when her only relative, an uncle, died. There seemed to be no will, so she had come here from a distant town to reside in her uncle's handsome home and enjoy his ample fortune. Then she had discovered the will, which gave everything to one Harry Armstrong, whose father had been a friend of the deceased. She had laid the matter before my brother, bidding him search for Armstrong. My brother censured her for her exaggerated sense of honor, but to me there was something splendid about it. Then followed the answer to my letter, which showed that under her serious demeanor there ran a vein of fun.

Soon came a happy evening, when I was invited to call upon her with my brother, who had something to report concerning the unknown heir.

We found Mrs. Hynes looking rather frail in a delicate green gown—frail, but charming. I had been wondering what her name was, and I did not like to ask Jim.

"Her name is Lillian," I thought. "Was ever name so fitting?"

Then as she and my brother discussed their business affairs I took in the surroundings. We were in the library, furnished in green, with darling dashes of crimson. The mantle pleased me especially. It held but two articles—a vase of autumn leaves and a small green box. The latter seemed familiar to me somehow. As we were bidding her good night after a very pleasant evening I observed the box more closely. It bore a padlock about as big as the width of my knife blade.

"You would like to see the contents?" queried Mrs. Hynes. "Some time, perhaps. But if you would see them right your eyes must be anointed with the salve of fancy."

There were other evenings after that when I visited Mrs. Hynes alone, and each time I went away determined that at the next visit I would disclose to her the state of my feelings. Each time I was deterred by circumstances. As with a breath my heritage had been blown away, and at something more than thirty I was beginning life anew. I was prospering, but should no Harry Armstrong turn up Mrs. Hynes was a rich woman. On the other hand, if Armstrong did appear and took her wealth away from her her proud nature would refuse my advances, thinking that I tendered them through sympathy; consequently I was not entirely happy.

One evening as I waited in her library, turning the matter over again in my mind and gazing at the green box, I suddenly discovered of what it reminded me, and at the same time I knew whom Mrs. Hynes herself was like.

"I've found out about the green box," I observed when she was seated near me. "You opened it?" she exclaimed.

I looked at her reproachfully. "Do you think I am without honor?" I asked. "Besides, I had no key."

There was a strange note in her soft laughter.

"When I was a boy," I began, "I went to school at Glenbrook, where my parents lived, not many miles from here. We moved away from the place when I was four years and my chosen playmate, Ludema Sears, was twelve. Your eyes are exactly as I remember hers to have been, except yours look the experiences of a none too happy maturity. She had the palest yellow hair I ever saw. One day she brought to school a little green box. This one looks like it, though if we had the other one to compare with this there would possibly be quite a difference. Well, she opened her box when the teacher's back was turned, and I saw inside two small but very red apples. Of course I supposed one was for me, but at recess she gave it to Willie Henderson. I feel quite angry and reckless now when I think of it."

"The freight was bringing a most becoming flush to Mrs. Hynes' rather pale cheeks."

"And what happened then?" she asked softly.

"Willie Henderson got licked, and the teacher scolded with me quite abundantly later," I added.

"What became of Ludema?" "She has been dead a good many years."

"Shall we try that new duet now?" she asked, springing up. "Do you know, I'm glad you liked Willie Henderson."

Next day was Sunday, and over a very late breakfast my brother imparted to me some news which sent me

into the street, walking rapidly, but with no thought of my destination till I came to the power house. A car was just pulling out for Glenbrook, and a whim possessed me to get aboard and visit the scenes of my schooldays. I must get through an interminably long day somehow till I could see Mrs. Hynes again.

I sauntered through the once familiar streets till I came to the grove of pines where I had enticed Willie Henderson and drubbed him. I was smiling at the recollection when I noticed that some one was in the grove. As I hesitated the figure turned, and I saw Mrs. Hynes.

"Why, Lillian!" I exclaimed, hastening forward. "How came you here?" Over the whiteness of her face rolled a wave of cardinal; from the brown depths of her lovely eyes looked the sweetest expression I had ever seen there; then she clasped her little hands nervously.

"I am keeping tryst with a ghost," she said. "How dare you, a mortal, interrupt?"

"Grant me pardon," I begged, bowing low before her. "I bring news from the world."

Her manner changed. She was a practical woman again, with a possible poverty staring her in the face. Her lips lost color, but she said steadily:

"Harry Armstrong is found."

"Found—and a gentleman. You are neither a rich woman nor a poor one. He will take but half, and he is handsome, and he wants to meet you."

As I repeated my brother's words she burst into passionate sobbing, but in a moment had controlled herself and was smiling at me.

"You didn't suppose I was such a baby, did you?" she asked. "But you have no idea what a relief it is to know that—Harry Armstrong is a gentleman."

"Lillian," I said, sitting down by her, "will you marry me?"

I thought at first she was going to cry again, but instead she laughed and took from the cover of her cloak the green box. She fitted the key to the absurd little lock and took out the first article.

"What do you see?" she asked. "A bead ring," I answered.

"A hoop of diamonds," she corrected. "Your eyes have not been anointed. And this?"

"A faded flower," I ventured. "An Eden rose."

Then without comment she took out a red fringed Christmas card, a diminutive valentine and two candy notes.

"And what namest thou this?" she inquired, holding up the last article.

Why I should have forgotten the others and remembered this wooden heart marked with purple ink, "To my love" I know not, but instantly I recognized it as the heart I had given to little Ludema Sears. Then I looked into the brown loveliness of this smiling woman's eyes—and understood.

"I thought 'L' was for Lillian. I never thought of Ludema," were my first words.

"And you didn't die after all?" was my next brilliancy.

"Ludema's hair was the palest yellow I ever saw," I was beginning, when she spared me further foolish speech.

"I've always thought it a pity that my hair grew dark," she said. "Had it escaped your inconstant memory that you promised to meet me here when you were twenty-one and marry me?" she asked severely.

"I remember—now," I answered meekly. "Did you keep the appointment?"

It was her turn to blush, while I laughed comfortably.

"So we're even on that score. But there is still the affair of the red apple."

"Perhaps we had better call it square," she suggested. Then impulsively she laid her head on my shoulder and whispered:

"Oh, Billie, dear!"

Apple Pie Without Apples.

A guest at an old fashioned home dinner was eulogizing apple pie and her hostess when another guest, who had been a California pioneer, recalled the "apple" pie given the children of 1852 to appease their homesick cravings when apples were a dollar a pound. It was made by breaking four soda crackers into an earthen bowl and pouring over them a pint of cold water rendered very tart by citric acid. When soft the crackers were laid on a pie plate on the undercrust. Over them were sifted two tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar and a little allspice and cinnamon. A pretty perforated top crust was added, and in a few minutes a perfect apple pie was taken from the oven to delight young and old.—New York Sun.

The Difference in Speed.

The professor of arithmetic in a local business college adduced this unanswerable argument in an address to a new class the other day:

"We are told that it took Gray, author of the well known 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' seven years to write that famous poem. If he had known stenography he could have done it in seven minutes. We have graduates who have done that same poem in that length of time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Would Indeed.

"What's this word, pa?" asked Willie, pointing it out in his book. "Phenomenon," replied pa.

"Well, what is that?"

"That, my son, is exactly what you would be if you never disturbed your father with questions."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Imagination causes more aches and pains than all other ailments.—Babcock.

Foley's Kidney remedy acted quickly.

M. N. George, Irondale, Ala., was bothered with kidney trouble for many years. "I was persuaded to try Foley Kidney Remedy, and before taking it three days I could feel its beneficial effects. The pain left my back, my kidney action cleared up, and I am so much better I do not hesitate to recommend Foley Kidney Remedy." For sale by all Druggists.

VALUE OF THE MARSHALL CO. PEAT DEPOSITS

WHAT GOVERNMENT REPORT SAYS OF THIS FUEL OF WHICH THERE IS MUCH IN THIS SECTION.

A READY SALE FOR IT

Figures Show That In Spite of All Our Other Good Fuels, Peat Is Coming To the Front.

On account of the large deposits of peat in Marshall county, especially in Polk, North and West townships, the following article from the Government report of the Geological Survey will be of both interest and value:

In a country so richly endowed with mineral fuels—coal, petroleum, and natural gas—as is the United States, it would at first glance seem unlikely that peat should ever become a widely used fuel, at least not for many generations. It is true that European countries manufacture peat fuels to the value of \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 annually but this is done for communities that are remote from coal deposits. However, peat may yet come into considerable local use as a fuel in the United States, and sooner perhaps, than most people expect.

It is estimated by the United States Geological Survey that of the great unreclaimed swamp area of the United States 8 per cent may constitute workable beds of fuel peat, with a total content equivalent to 12 billion tons of air-dry fuel. It is somewhat singular that the regions containing these peat beds lie almost entirely outside of the territory in which coal and other natural mineral fuels are known to exist in abundance. With the perfection of peat-briquetting machinery these beds may play no inconsiderable part in furnishing at least a supplementary or auxiliary fuel for local consumption. As a fuel peat is no makeshift; it is highly efficient and desirable and the practicability of its use is controlled principally by the cost of production.

Ready Sale for Fuel Peat

In an advance chapter from Mineral Resources for 1909 Charles A. Davis remarks that in spite of the fact that the use of peat as a fuel has been almost entirely neglected in the United States, there has been nevertheless since 1903 a considerable and persistent interest in the question of utilizing the great peat deposits of the country, and many attempts, some of them involving the expenditure of large sums of money, have been to place fuel peat on the market in commercial quantities. The failure to bring about this result, Mr. Davis thinks, has been due not to the nature of the peat itself, but to other factors, such as overenthusiasm, lack of understanding of fundamental principles of economical production, too little capital, and too much confidence in poorly designed and inefficient machinery. The fact that there is a market for peat has not been questioned, for the small quantity of the product offered has always been sold readily and at good prices. The report describes a considerable use of peat as a fertilizer and a fertilizer filler, and of peat moss as a stable litter and even as an ingredient of stock food. The production and consumption of peat in 1909 was 1,145 tons used for fuel, valued at \$4,145; 26,768 tons used for fertilizer, valued at \$118,891; and 1,245 tons used for stable litter, valued at \$4,203. A total of 29,167 tons, valued at \$127,042. There was also imported 9,408 tons used as stable litter, valued at \$47,227.

Balked at Cold Steel

"I wouldn't let a doctor cut my foot off," said H. D. Eley, Bantam, Ohio, although a horrible ulcer had been the plague of my life for four years. Instead I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my foot was soon completely cured. Heals Burns, Boils, Sores, Bruises, Eczema, Pimples, Corns, Sore Stomach, 25c at Fred Wenzler.

New Suits Filed

Tryphena Kirkpatrick, Lydia Jane Hensel and Minnie M. Stewart vs. Katie Herriman et al, to set aside \$500 or a trial bottle. Guaranteed by Fred Wenzler.

Platt Dickson vs. W. S. Easterday, appeal from J. P. Currens.

Dr. Danforth, Dentist phone 4923.

REALESTATE DEALS.

Furnished by Cressner & Co. abstracts of title, Plymouth, Ind. Owners of the only Abstract books in Marshall County. Abstracts of title to all lands in Marshall county compiled promptly and accurately.

Smith N Stevens com deed to Calvin W and Velma H Myers 50 acres in 15-33-3 Bourbon tp \$1.

Smith N Stevens com deed to Sarah A Myers 60 acres in 15-33-3 Bourbon tp \$1.

John Bussert and wife w d to Isaac Miller and wife lot adj Tyler \$1400.

William P Holland and wife w d to Cloys I Holland part of lot 38 Cabells add Plymouth \$900.

Lottie Hampton and hus w d to Jacob Cavender part of lot 62 Cabells add Plymouth \$1750.

William H Bollman and wife w d to Matilda E Berg nwl-4 20-34-4 Bourbon tp \$11000.

Indiana Reid w d to Jacob R Stryker 40 acres in nwl-4 also north of R R in swl-4 24-34-1 Polk tp \$3900.

Daniel W Miller and wife w d to Indiana Reid lot 8 block 4 Tyler except lot in se corner \$600.

Della C May and hus w d to James C Crabh lot 29 Ferriers add Culver \$200.

Fannie Hessel w d to Henry J Schulteis lot 50 Ferriers add Culver \$1000.

Elvira W Wrennick and hus w d to James H Matchett 20 acres in swl-4 29-33-4 Bourbon tp \$200.

John M Kellogg qcd to James H Matchett nwl-4 of swl-4 29-33-4 Bourbon tp \$1.

Omer F Neff and wife w d to Arnold Weber 40 acres in 16-34-3 also 80 acres in 17-34-3 German tp \$1560.

Walter D Starnier and wife w d to Broda Starnier nwl-4, 27-32-3 Walnut tp \$3000.

David C Swihart and wife w d to Walter D Swihart 60 acres in 27-32-3 Walnut tp \$6500.

James H Matchett and wife w d to Arthur L Disher nwl-4 of swl-4 29-33-4 Bourbon tp \$1200.

James H Matchett and wife w d to William E Pittman Land in 17-33-4 Bourbon tp \$11750.

Heirs of homas Nellans w d to John E and Lawson Leland 80 acres in 5-32-3 Green tp \$3200.

Milton E Soice and wife w d to Emily A Gunder lots 31 32 and 33 Soices sub div Plymouth \$500.

Caroline L Armontrout and hus w d to Robert Watkins one half acre in nel-4 24-33-3 Bourbon tp \$2000.

Rachel A Paves et al w d to Bertha E Jenson 21 acres in 21-33-3 Bourbon tp no con.

James O Ferrier and wife w d to Ezra P Blanchard lot 31 Ferriers add Culver \$150.

James C Erwin and wife w d to Cora H Erwin lot 2 McCrum and Blands add except strip off west end \$2500.

Edwin O Thompson et al w d to Howard Waltz lot 7 Books add Argos \$1028.

Constantinos and Athanasios Majorakis w d to David Putman part of east half of nel-4 31-32-1 Union tp \$2000.

David C Swihart and wife w d to Lydia C Brubaker 20 acres in swl-4 27-32-3 Walnut tp \$2000.

Charles S Lemler qcd to Charles Kinzie 10 acres in 29-33-4 Bourbon tp \$1.

William Osborn w d to William W Osborn 40 acres in 6-32-1 Union tp \$6000.

Willard Henry McCullough w d to Harper W Siskler 80 acres in 21-33-1 West tp \$1800.

Esther Hess and hus w d to Mary E Finney 90-91 and 113 Marquette Place add Argos \$1900.

E Elvira Calhoun deed by heirs w d to Emma Shaffer part of lot 5 Lowreys add Argos \$800.

Clyde L Miller and wife w d to Roy E Bower 40 acres in 3-32-3 Walnut tp \$4000.

Adam F Darr and wife w d to Dulcena Weidman lots 17 and 18 Tippecanoe town station \$490.

Aaron Nunemaker w d to Andrew J Romine 40 acres in 29 also 40 acres in 30-34-3 Center tp \$6000.

Mary E Newman and hus w d to John A Newman part of swl-4 30-32-1 also part of nwl-4 31-32-1 Union tp \$1.

John Newman w d to Charles W Newman part of nwl-4 31-32-1 also part of swl-4 30-32-1 Union tp \$1.

Katherine Speishofer and hus w d to Perry March lot 5 Enterprise add Plymouth \$80.

Saved Many From Death

W. L. Mock, of Mock, Ark., believes he has saved many lives in his 25 years of experience in the drug business. "What I always like to do," he writes, "is to recommend Dr. King's New Discovery for weak sores lungs, hard colds, hoarseness, obstinate coughs, la grippe, croup, asthma or other bronchial affection for I feel sure that a number of my neighbors are alive and well today because they took my advice to use it. I honestly believe it is the best throat and lung medicine that's made." Easy to prove he's right. Get a trial bottle free, or regular 50c or 1.10 bottle. Guaranteed by Fred Wenzler.

Dr. Danforth, Dentist phone 4923.

HEARS PAPERS ON MORSE AND LEGISLATURE

THE SATURDAY CLUB HAS PROFITABLE AND PLEASANT MEETING WITH MRS. ARMSTRONG.

HONORED IN HIS TIME

Mrs. Grube Tells of Interesting Things Seen By Onlookers at Last Indiana Legislature.

The Saturday Club held a very interesting meeting with Mrs. Armstrong.

The hostess gave a fine account of the life and work of Samuel B. F. Morse, the inventor of the Morse telegraph instrument and code.

Morse was born in 1791 at Charleston, Mass. His father was a learned minister and his mother a woman of noble character. Morse studied at Phillips Academy and Yale College. Being poor he was obliged to help himself and made considerable money by painting, for which he had a great talent. When on a return trip from Europe where he had been studying painting, the question was asked on the boat—"If the length of a wire made any difference in the velocity of electricity passing through it?" The idea suggested by this question remained in Morse's mind, and he soon had worked out his theory of thought transmission. Every one is familiar with the story of his privations, the ridicule he endured while trying to market his invention, and great triumph when the first message, "What hath God wrought?" was sent from Washington to Baltimore. Samuel Morse is one of the few inventors who received due recognition while living. He was honored at home and abroad, and had the pleasure of seeing a magnificent statue of him erected in Central Park, N. York City and was present at its unveiling. He died near Poughkeepsie, N. Y. at the ripe, old age of 81.

The second paper by Mrs. Harry Grube on "Echoes from the Indiana Legislature," was of very great interest. Mrs. Grube, who is the wife of Senator Grube, attended many sessions of our last legislature for the purpose of telling the Saturday Club how laws are made.

She described both the political and social sides of the sessions—told how bills are introduced, and passed and also how some bills are "killed," the bills of special interest passed were the "Employers Liability Law," Child Labor and Local Option. Two bills of interest "killed" were the Referendum Bill and Municipal Suffrage for Women.

While women do not vote in this state, they can and do lobby for bills which interest them and have a very great influence on our lawmakers. It is impossible to give proper justice to Mrs. Grube and her paper in a report of this kind.

The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Kilmer on south Michigan street.

A Father's Vengeance

would have fallen on any one who attacked the son of Peter Bondy, of South Rockwood, Mich, but he was powerless before attacks of kidney trouble. "Doctors could not help him," he wrote, "so at last we gave him Electric Bitters and he improved wonderfully from taking six bottles. It's the best kidney medicine I ever saw." Backache, Tired feeling, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, pain of kidney trouble that may end in dropsy, diabetes or Bright's disease. Beware: Take Electric Bitters and be safe. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c at Fred Wenzler.

Three Knox Men Hurt.

Postmaster William G. Kuester and Henry Kuester, of Knox, Ind. were seriously injured and County Commissioner Sherman severely cut Friday when the automobile in which they were riding, tore through the railing of a bridge near Tolo, Ind., and plunged 15 feet into Yellow River. It is believed Henry Kuester is injured internally.

Starts Much Trouble

If all people knew that neglect of constipation would result in severe indigestion, yellow jaundice or virulent liver trouble they would soon take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end it. It's the only safe way. Best for biliousness, headache, dyspepsia, chills and debility. 25c at Fred Wenzler.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prescribed by Dr. J. C. FLETCHER

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

4 to 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Bremen School Children.

Charles Sauer has completed the enumeration of pupils of school age within the corporate limits of Bremen. It shows:

Females, — — — — — 243
Males, — — — — — 262
Total — — — — — 505

This is an increase of only seven over a year ago, when the total was 498. Several families have moved away from town in the past year, and while a larger number have moved in, they appear to have brought fewer children with them.—Enquirer.

Watch Your Kidneys

Their action controls your health. Read what Foley Kidney Pills have done for your neighbor. Mrs. L. A. Stemm, 1247 N. Main St., Elkhart, Ind., says: "I had a severe case of kidney and bladder trouble and I could find no relief until I used Foley Kidney Pills. They acted directly on my kidneys and regulated them into a healthy condition. I had been troubled with gall stones and swollen ankles, but all these things disappeared and I am never troubled now with these symptoms. Foley Kidney Pills did wonders for me and I shall always recommend them." For sale by all Druggists.

Auto Turns Over.

It seems to be getting the habit with automobiles of this vicinity to turn turtle. C. H. Zumbach's machine was the last one recorded as having performed this act. Mr. Zumbach, who lives near Argos came to "Ymouth" this morning in his new Ford car. He went to McDonald's restaurant, and decided to take the girls for a little spin. They went out on south Michigan road as far as Van Vactor's, where they attempted to turn around, but instead the hind wheels skidded on the grass and the machine turned over. None of the occupants were injured, but all were considerably frightened.

Fire at Geo. Lemler's.

The fire department was called out Saturday at about 10 p. m. on account of a fire at the home of George Lemler, who recently moved in from the country. The fire started in a clothes-closet upstairs, and did considerable damage, but owing to the quickness of the fire company, only a small portion of the house was destroyed. The building was well insured.

In the Wake of the Measles

The little son of Mrs. O. B. Palmer, Little Rock, Ark., had the measles. The result was a severe cough which grew worse and he could not sleep. She says: "One bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound completely cured him and he has never been bothered since." Croup, whooping cough, measles cough all yield to Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. The genuine is in yellow package always. Refuse substitutes. For sale by all Druggists.

Lawrence Fetter's.

Lawrence Fetter, a brakeman on Vandalia passenger, died Saturday evening. Mr. Fetter was a relative of the Feters in this city and was well known in this city.

Do you have the right kind of help?

Foley Kidney Pills furnish you the right kind of help to neutralize and remove the poisons that cause backache, headache, nervousness, and other kidney and bladder ailments. For sale by all Druggists.

The Bear He Missed.

Telling in his book of some hunting experiences near the north pole, Captain Sverdrup wrote: "Valruses and seals were harpooned and shot and also the large arctic hare, which seems to have contracted the peculiar habit of frequently running long distances on its hind legs. Hunting was not always easy, the atmosphere playing strange tricks with the eyesight, as witness the following account of the stalking of a bear: 'With the utmost caution, with his gun ready and his eye fixed inexorably on the bear, Serlet advanced to the spot. Meanwhile the bear sat wagging its head, but keeping a good lookout. It appeared, for when Serlet had come some twenty steps nearer it rose and flew away. It flew as well as any bird, which, after all, was not remarkable, for it was a glaucous gull.'"

Helping Her Out.

A young lady boarder in a country household lamented the absence of letters. Catching little Melba, the pet of the household, up in her arms, she said:

"Precious, nobody loves me; I guess I'll go out in the garden and eat worms."

The next day Miss Alice was interrupted by a low knocking at the door. In answer to her summons Melba entered, grasping a large chip carefully in both hands. The child said:

"Miss Alice, bad postman not bring you any letter; here's big worms. Now you won't have to go out in the garden.—Los Angeles Times.

A Splurge Anyhow.

"So you employed the most expensive soloists you could find for your musical!"

"Yes